

Not in Our Name

Everywhere in Gaza

People are gasping, dying of hunger
For there is nothing, not even
A tiny piece of bread in
The desert of ruins
Everywhere in Palestine
Mothers and children are dying of thirst
For there is nothing, not even
A drop of rain to eke from
The dark cloud of oppression
The length of a day to a dying child
is a thousand years
For childhood is buried
In a nameless white shroud
What lives in Palestine lives not
At the mercy of men
But in the courage of resistance
For what is the sound of the heart breaking?
It is the sound of a mother's cry
For what is the sound of devastation?
It is the wind howling through the olive trees
It is weeping mothers mourning childhood
Lost in the shadow of bombs
Why?
History closes its eyes and does not answer
The thief has banned truth
And kept the world hostage
Keep going, what lives in memory
Lives in the unvanquished hope of return
What lives in the heart lives not
In form or memory, but in eternity
We will exist
And what lives in infamy
Lives not in our name!